AN OLD MAID'S SONG.

THE boarders used to look across the boarding house table at the Old Maid with a keen, psychological sort of interest.

"Why should she look so happy?" the elder, who was something of a belle would demand. "She can't have any admirers."

"Why should she look so happy?" the younger, who spoke of Art and Missions with capitals in her voice, would ask. "She can't regard being secretary to that lawyer as a noble calling."

And the wives of the boarding-house used also to puzzle over the Old Maid's joyousness. "for she has no husband," they said, "and at her age can hardly hope to get one."

But I never marveled at the gentle spinster's radiant face after we had heard the Singer, not because hearing his voice was enough to provide his hearers with a fund of inner joy for the remainder of their days, but because of the song he sang.

Now, the Old Maid had lived so long in the boarding-house on the square that it had become second nature for her to choose the less tarnished spoons in the holder and to avoid instinctively the top slices of bread on the bread plate. She was familiar with all varieties of boarding-house servants, and she knew that all alike despised her as "the fourth floor front." She knew by heart the landlady's stories of pressing present need and of past affluence. She had nothing to learn in the matter of substituted gas jets, and her feet were trained to skip the torn spots in the stair carpet. Altogether there was nothing in the Old Maid's position in her boarding-house to account for her serenity.

Down-town the Old Maid was a stenographer in a law office, where prettiness was at a discount as a hindrance to unremitting toil. She did not realize that her chief attraction to her employers was the lack of distracting features and complexion. Long as she had lived in the sordid but educating boarding-house, she had not learned everything that was to be learned about motives, and she believed that her father's old friendship with the lawyer had much to do with her position.

Before the remote day when the Old Maid first came to the law office and the boarding-house she had lived in the country. Even yet when the spring rains came down and drenched the grim pavements she had a swift, fleeting sense of late snows melting by the rim of the brooks and of timid

"IT'S MINE! IT'S MINE!"

flowers pushing through the soft earth. And whenever there was the fresh odor of new-growing grass, and new-sprouting leaves in the city parks her mind turned toward peaceful, pastoral ways, and her eyes were filled with visions of billowy, blossoming trees, of plowmen moving across upland fields, of the waking up of life and industry. In short, the Old Maid was a poet, although the crude little expressions of her emotions never met the keen eyes of critics or even the kindly eyes of her friends.

Well, once upon a time the Singer came to the boading-houxre on the square. He was young and his audiences—they were largely feminine—declared that nowhere else was there a singer who carroled out songs and sobbed out ballads so movingly. Whether or not he was peerless is a question, but at any rate he had made a great success, and people wondered that he should come to the dingy abode of the boarders and the Old Maid. Some said that it was because he had lived there in the days before he was known to fashion, and some whispered knowingly that the lady to whom the Singer sang lived over the way in the stone house with the balconies at the window and the guarding lions at the door. Be that as it may, it is a fact that when the Singer came to the city for his series of concerts and recitals he sanctified the abode of the Old Maid with his presence for a whole week. And the Old Maid was agitated mysteriously by his presence, though it is doubtful if he even saw her shabby little figure.

One night she crept down the stairway when the house was still and slipped a paper beneath the Singer's door sill. The paper bore a set of verses written in the fine hand of a women who was educated a quarter of a century ago, and a little note that read:

"If you should sometimes find this worthy to sing I would be the happiest woman on earth."

Now, the Singer felt a brutal indifference about all happiness save his own, which had been surely tried that night by the lady of his songs. So he merely muttered "Confound imbecile women!" Then he looked at the verses and then he went gloomily to bed. But through the night, as he reflected upon his blighted hopes and the hardness of his fate, some of the Old Maid's lines sang themselves through his mind:

I'll see thee in each flower that grows;
Thou art not lost while lives the rose,
Not lost while lives the rose,

the foolish refrain insisted.

In the morning the silly rhymes would not be banished. He found himself humming them to an air, and by and by—so weak was he, owing to the cruel lady—he sat down at the piano and played the air softly.

It was the same week that he gave his great concert at the hall up-town. With indifferent generosity he offered the landlady tickets to be distributed and so it happened that the Old Maid and I went together.

The Old Maid was very pink and very tremulous, and, not being in her confidence, I could not understand her state. After all there was nothing in a successful singer of 33 to excite a spinster stenographer of 50.

The Singer had sung grand opera arias and the music from masses. He had sung Scotch ballads and German love songs. But he could not sing enough to satisfy his audience. After each properly numbered selection he was recalled again and again. Finally he came out and said:

"I wish I could tell you the author of the words I am going to sing. They were sent to me anonymously in manuscript, and I have no means of giving credit to whom it is due."

The Old Maid's figure quivered. She breathed sobbingly and drew closer to me, and I wondered if she were going crazy.

Then the Singer sang the simple verses. They may have been very bad as verses, but as a song they were a success. The audience listened intently, the women looking up, as women look when lowered eyelids would let the tears brim over. And when the last verse rang out, plaintively and proudly:

And though thou hast banished me,
I touch thee in each nodding flower;
I see thee, dear one, every hour,
In sky, or star, or sea.
All beauty holds some hint of thee,
And so thou canst not banish me,
Thou canst not banish me,

the hall forgot to applaud for fully three seconds, when it caught its breath and surreptitiously wiped its eyes. That is, all but the Old Maid. She wept quite openly, turning her radiant, tear-stained face toward me.

"It's mine! It's mine!" she half sobbed. "O, it's mine and I am so happy!"

And then she told me the whole story. But neither prayers nor entreaties could prevail upon her to let me tell her secret. And the boarders still wonder why it is that a colorless little lady like the Old Maid sometimes wears a look of pride.

FREAK OF NATURE IN FLORIDA

Stretch of Land, 50,000 Acres in Extent, Covered with Sink-Holes.

Payne's prairie, three miles south of Gainesville, Fla., covers an area of 50,000 acres. A large proportion of the prairie is now covered with water, but there are thousands of acres around the borders of the lake which has been formed on which horses and other cattle graze. There is no way of estimating the number of cattle, but there are many thousands, and they are in fine condition. The prairie, or savanna, which it really is, occasionally goes dry, the water passing out through a subterranean passage called the sink. Where the water goes has never been determined. When the sink is open the lake goes dry, and when the outlet becomes gorged or choked a lake from five to seven miles wide and about eighteen miles long is formed. When the waters of the lake suddenly leave it thousands of alligators, snakes, fish and turtles are left with nothing but mud for their places of abode. The fish and turtles perish, but the saurians and reptiles seek and find other quarters. For miles along the northern border of the lake there is a succession of sinks, averaging in depth all the way from twenty-five to 100 feet. Subterranean passages run in every direction, leaving the ground in the shape of a honeycomb. The ground is liable to give way at any time, creating a new sink. Scenery around the lake, especially on the north side, is unique and grand, and is an attractive feature to strangers who visit Gainesville. The sink has long been popular as a resort for citizens of Gainesville, who go there to fish, boat ride and in other ways enjoy themselves. It is said that this vast area of land could be drained at trifling expense, and were it drained it would be the largest as well as the richest tract of productive land in Florida. It is for the most part a bed of muck. The land is owned by various individuals.

Too Little Respect for Courts.

Kansas City Star: The repeated appeals which conservative writers and speakers feel called upon to make to the people to persuade them to maintain respect for the courts show forth a necessity which ought not to exist in this country. They simply prove that the courts are not worthy of the honor and confidence which the public would like to yield them.

Venice and the Horse.

It is said that some of the Venetians—those who have never been to the mainland—have never seen a horse in all their lives. A showman once brought one to a fair and called it a monster, and the factory hands paid a shilling each to see the marvel.

Hades.—If there is a heaven there is naturally a hell. One could not exist without the other, but the Bible does not teach of a brimstone hell, but merely by implication.—Rev. John W. Westhock, Christian Church, Omaha, Neb.

MARRIAGE PROBLEM.

AS VIEWED FROM A SCIENTIFIC STANDPOINT.

Contrasting Parties Should Be Equal Socially, Mentally and Morally—Should Be Different in Complexion, Descent and Selfishness.

THE constitution of the human mind indicates that marriage is an intention of nature. If it is nature's intention, then there must be a natural basis for it. Again, man being organized to follow intellect instead of instinct, it becomes his necessity to find this basis. So far as is known each organism in nature has inherent all the laws of its life. Therefore, the place to look for the laws of marriage adaptation is in the mental and physical constitutions of the two sexes.

Professor Vaucht, writing in the "Phrenological Magazine," says that he has given sixteen years of study and observation to this problem, and has reached the following conclusion, viz.: That marriage, to be healthy and happy, should rest upon a tenfold basis, or five equalities and five differences, as follows:

Equalities: Social, Intellectual, Aesthetic, Moral, Qualitative.

Differences: Temperamental, Complexional, Lineal, National, Selfish.

As may be seen, the equalities are chiefly mental, and the differences chiefly physical.

The mental differences should occur in two groups only, viz., the selfish propensities and the selfish sentiments.

These are the only two divisions of the mind that can come directly in conflict. The four remaining divisions take oeligh. fn helping the other to become more moral and spiritual.

By Qualitative equalities, equals in organic quality are meant. This is one of the most necessary qualities of the five. As is the degree of organic quality, so will be the degree of fineness of the physical magnetism.

Coarse and fine magnetisms cannot possibly agree. If the hands of young ladies and gentlemen disagree magnetically, they should never marry. Similarity in quality is also one of the first requirements of successful transmission, and should receive much more attention than has been given to it heretofore.

The differences should be principally physical. One reason for this is the health of the two parties. A more important reason is the constitution of the offspring. Nothing is more certain than that there will be an increased tendency of the predominating temperament of husband and wife given the children if both have the same constitution.

The Vital temperament should always be rather strong in one of the parties to marriage. If not strong, there is danger of great degeneracy in both mind and body of the offspring. For about the same reasons given for temperamental differences, there should be differences in complexion. If two are intermediate in complexion they may marry without harm.

The Lineal descent should, in every instance, be different. There can be a marriage only between a male and a female. Nature never intended the marriage of two masculine or two feminine natures. So there should not be marriages of the same line of descent. One should be like the father and the other like the mother. One masculine and the other feminine. A masculine woman should marry a feminine man.

In regard to National differences, it is well to have international differences.

Inter-racial marriages should not be sanctioned, for the reason that they may be equally large in any two parties and never disagree, if equally cultivated and the organic quality is the same in each.

The Social sentiments are the most negative in their nature of all the groups, and therefore the most incapable of living an independent life. They long for companionship. Of all the divisions of the mind, this is the one that both husband and wife should have the most nearly equal.

The Intellectual faculties should be almost equal in strength. At least, so nearly equal that the one may understand the reasoning of the other. However, one might have the larger perceptives and the other the larger reflectives, but as a whole the intellects of the two should be essentially of the same volume.

It is more important that the Aesthetic faculties be equal in both parties than the Intellectual. The so-called semi-intellectual group, being largely aesthetic in their nature, also desire similar tastes.

The moral sentiments should be nearly equal. This will depend largely upon which one of these five sentiments is the strongest in the party who has the larger degree as a whole. If veneration and spirituality are the two strongest in one party the other should have a similar degree. If benevolence is the leader of this group, then the party will be more charitable and forgiving with the other, and even are the unions of opposites, which would prevent the necessary qualities.

As regards the last, but not the least in importance, of the ten factors in marriage—the Selfish differences. What is meant is that there should be a difference in the strength of the selfish propensities and the selfish sentiments. Under no circumstances should these two groups be in the lead of both parties. From these two groups we may select the only four faculties of the forty-two that in and of themselves have any force. They are combativeness, destructiveness, self esteem and firmness. Without these four faculties the human mind would be almost devoid of will—not that they constitute the whole of will, but that they are necessary to the formation of every degree of will. There is not a particle of determination in any of the others. Any faculty may combine with these and stimulate them to stronger effort, but without these the other faculties would be almost powerless to carry out their desires. None of the other faculties can antagonize each other. All conflicts are carried on by means of these four faculties. The others never come in direct conflict. Caution and caution cannot quarrel. Friendship and friendship like to be side by side.

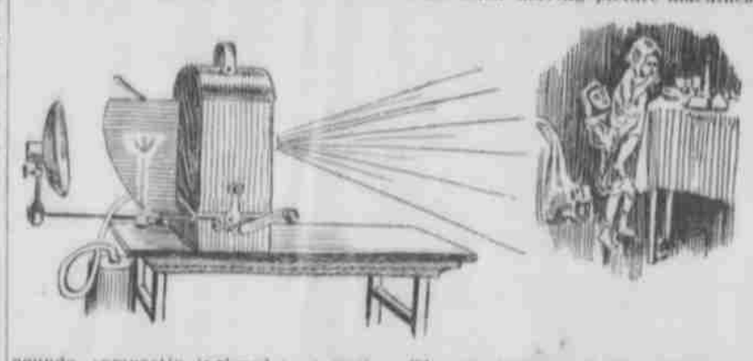
The weather nowadays is not simply discussed.

AMATEURS AND MATRON PICTURES.

The inventive genius of Nicholas Nelson, a mechanic of Waukegan, Ill., has brought into existence a simple machine that is destined to enthuse devotees of amateur photography.

This machine is to be known as the new motion picture camera, it being a combination arrangement to take moving pictures and also to project them upon a screen in a manner similar to the magniscope, cinematograph, etc. The fact that it is simple and easily handled, made expressly for amateur use, and readily operated by any one who can use a common camera, makes it attractive to those who have grown tired of the ordinary camera, while its novelty and peculiar functions will tend to lessen the popularity of the common picture-taker.

The camera is very simple in its construction, weighing only eleven



pounds, compactly inclosed in a neat leather case, easily manipulated and carried. On one side of the camera is situated the photograph lens and on the other side is the projecting lens. Between them is placed by the operator a glass plate which is attached to a gear run by a crank. In taking a motion picture the operator turns the crank until the glass plate is covered with negatives and the moving picture becomes a reality.

The developing process is very simple, just the same as the development process in common photography, except that the picture from the negative is printed upon glass instead of paper, in order to have it a transparency. To project the picture the glass print is placed in the camera by the operator. An acetylene-gas outfit is provided with every machine, the lamp of which is attached to the outside of the camera so as to shine through the photograph lens, picture and projecting lens to the screen, and when the crank is turned there appears on the parlor wall the image of one's favorite horse, dog or children, as the case may be, in life-like reality.

It is to be manufactured only for amateur use, although with an unusually powerful light it could be used for professional purposes. However, in a parlor the camera will show a picture eighteen by twenty-four inches in size. The projected picture is especially clear, much more so than the pictures thrown by the larger machines, for the reason that the glass plate is more transparent than the gelatin film used in the other moving picture machines.

The possibilities of the camera for home amusement are great. One feature is that the pictures are reversible, with ludicrous effect, as are the cinematograph pictures with which we are familiar. That pictures taken today may be shown fifty or 100 years hence is one of its most pleasant features. A father, withered with age, could view his grown up or departed children as they appeared and played together in their childhood days. The actions and peculiarities of departed friends might with it be preserved. The life of favorite pets could be prolonged as long as desired. Years hence the children could enjoy viewing their grandparents as they were when young. In fact, the possibilities of the machine are innumerable.—Chicago Record.

CHILDREN'S COLONY.

STREET ARABS FROM NEW YORK MAKE THINGS HUM.

One Chap Who Trusted to Luck for Food and Raiment, but Was Right to the Front When There Was Fun or Mischief.

(Special Letter.)

AN industrial colony has been in active progress at Gardiner, N. Y., during the late summer months. Its managers strive by every possible means to make those in their care understand the principles of the republic under which they live, the ultimate purpose being to develop honorable and serviceable citizens. The institution is known as the Industrial Colony Association. It is a New York city organization, and the inhabitants are chiefly from New York, and they are all boys—boys of the street, brought up with no knowledge of the home save that afforded in the most miserable tenements, and with still less knowledge, perhaps, of anything ennobling in life. There are about 25 of these boys there, typical street lads, as their language and manners show, but ten weeks' practical education on the farm has smoothed off many of the rough edges, and in transforming the original tough little Arabs into fairly refined youngsters.

The farm has 140 acres. The farm house is a typical old Dutch building, but it is not so much the big chimneys, or the enormous fireplaces, or the massive rafters, or the old door knocker, upon which interest is centered, as the rows of little cots lining the four sides of the spacious, sharp-roofed attic, the dormitory rooms down stairs, the lockers where the boys keep their meager possessions, and the rosy, rotund cook who supplies the hungry urchins and their teachers with three square meals a day. In the main room, which probably was kept dark as the company parlor in the good old days, are several rows of benches facing the yawning fireplace, and here Sunday school is held every Sunday and evening service every night. These services are quite impresaive. At each service a talk is given, short, pointed, and in language so simple that the youngest can understand. After the week-day services the boys play games, read, talk and write letters, and at an early hour are trotted off to their comfortable cots, and by the time many New Yorkers are preparing for an evening's amusement the whole house is wrapped in the quietness of slumber. The ages of the boys run from ten to fourteen years. While the lads have plenty of time for fun, they are taught the seriousness of life. Four hours' work a day is required from each boy, and for that he receives 25 cents in colony money. He is not absolutely compelled to work, but he is compelled to pay five cents for his lodging and for each of his three meals, leaving a profit of five cents for his day's labor. Experienced laborers and officials, including the supervisors and that dignified personage, the sheriff, receive more. If the boy does not want to work he becomes a pauper and receives pauper food, unless he can borrow from some of his more thrifty brethren, but this is not easy to do, for the boys soon come to respect industry. The work consists of farm labor, carpentry, housework, such as scrubbing floors and dishwashing, and the care of the stable and horses. The boys are justly proud of their farm, for they have as fine crops of sweet corn, potatoes, beans, peas, and rye as any of the farmers around. One of the most interesting, as well as laziest boys on the farm is a diminutive youngster known as "Little Po'kipsie." His brother is "Big Po'kipsie," and they are about the only ones who do not hail from New York city. "Little Po'kipsie" is one of those proverbially lazy boys who were born tired. For nearly a week he refused to do his four hours' work, living upon the munificent generosity of his brother, until the latter's patience and finances began to suffer, and then "Little Po'kipsie" had to hustle for his living. But still, when he is interested, "Little Po'kipsie" can be as energetic as any one, for, during the raising of a flag-pole in front of the house, he was the first one to hurt a stone into the hole dug for the pole, and then was the first to climb it. One of the objects of the colony is to bring out the good qualities of just such boyish natures as this. It would take too long to tell of all the interesting features of this instructive colony, the military drills, the good order at the table, with two or three of the boys as waiters; the fine country walks which the teachers give them, and the surprise of these city urchins at many of the country customs. One of the boys who used to go to a neighboring farmhouse for milk said he had never drank cow's milk until he came to Gardiner, and another ambitious lad was very anxious to close the barn doors early one evening so that the fireflies might not fly in and set fire to the hay. The summer's work has just closed for this season. The colony has just been incorporated at Albany, and its managers look forward to a more successful season next year.

GETTING READY FOR BREAKFAST.

FEDOR KOVALYEFF.

The Russian Fanatic Whose Crimes Perplexed the Authorities.

Fedor Kovalyeff, whose portrait is here reproduced, was the chief actor in the late terrible drama of self-immolating fanaticism enacted at Ternofka, a sectarian settlement in the neighborhood of Tiraspol, in South Russia. The illustration shows Kovalyeff in the semi-monastic garb in which the male Begouni attire themselves for their devotional functions, the latter being usually performed with much mysterious seclusion in caves, cellars and subterranean pits. After his arrest Kovalyeff was removed to the district penitentiary at Odessa, and eventually, by order of the minister of the interior, was sent back to Tiraspol to be tried before the ordinary assize. In the meantime the accused had lost the hardihood of his previous stolid fanaticism, and had become abjectly remorseful. His only desire was to save his miserable life at all costs, and to this end he ordered the sale of his property at Ternofka, in order with the proceeds to retain the services of one of the first criminal lawyers of St. Petersburg. The authorities—and more especially the Holy Synod—were by no means pleased with the prospect of a public harangue by a leading counsellor on the general subject of the profound depths of besotted ignorance and superstition in which the mass of the Russian peasantry, both orthodox and sectarian, are hopelessly buried, and eventually the government decided to

FEDOR KOVALYEFF.

abandon the prosecution. Kovalyeff who is now in his twenty-sixth year will probably be confined for life in a monastery.

COALING A BIG STEAMER.

Very Crude Methods Yet Prevail—Cost of the Work.

All the ships of the trans-Atlantic lines are coaled by practically the same crude method. Barges of about 350 tons capacity are brought alongside of the ship, booms are rigged, and by tackle controlled by a donkey engine, steel buckets are lowered to the barge, filled by four men with shovels, and hoisted to a projecting platform, where two men dump the bucket and shovel the coal into the porthole. It is then taken by other men and stowed away in the ship's bunkers. Five and a half of these buckets is equal to a ton, and tally by count of the buckets is the only record to show how much coal the steamer has taken aboard. In coaling the steamship St. Paul of the American line 48 men are employed inside the ship. The average amount of coal bunkered is 3,000 tons, the time required to unload and stow is about forty hours, and the total average cost of the work is $1,000. These figures, varying only with the coal consumption of the ship, will apply to the vessels of other trans-Atlantic lines. Efforts to reduce this expense have been productive of many ingenious mechanical devices, and the inquiry is often raised why none of these is in general use. The answer is given in the statement by a representative of one of the trans-Atlantic lines: "We have had many offers to deliver coal to our steamers at the rate of anywhere from 50 to 500 tons per hour, but what is the use when we cannot take care of it inside any faster than we do now?" In a modern ship fuel must be stored wherever room can be found that is not required or available for other purposes. Coal cannot be received on board faster than it can be stored away in bunkers, which, in the case of a modern liner, is at the rate of about one and one-half tons per day. More primitive methods prevail in ports of less importance than those at either end of the Atlantic lines. In the West Indies coaling is almost exclusively done by negro women, who pour in a ceaseless stream over the gang planks, each carrying about 100 pounds of coal in a basket poised on her head. In Mediterranean ports the work is done by men instead of women, but for the most part with the same primitive instruments—shovel and basket.

Has Plenty Decorations.

Sir William McCormac, president of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, is perhaps the most highly decorated member of the profession in Great Britain. He has the Order of Medjidie, the Crown of Prussia, the Ritter Kreuz of Bavaria, Dannebrog, Crown of Italy, Cross of the Takovo of Servia, Order of Merit of Spain and Portugal and the Star of Sweden. He is also Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Sir William was born in 1836, has taken part with the volunteer medical corps in the Franco-Prussian, Turko-Servian, and Russo-Turkish wars. He is an enthusiastic fisherman and golf player.